

BY JULIA A. MATHEWS.

I've been to-night at a meetin',
Our own church meetin' for prayer;
I knew it wouldn't be Christian
To wish I wasn't there;
But somehow I'd felt quite different
From what I'd felt before.
I went with John and the children
Into the old church door.

I went feelin' chirk and happy.
I'd had a good, bright day;
Father'd been rakin' the meadow,
The boys were cuttin' hay;
And the smell came up so pleasant,
Just like a sweet wild-rose,
I had to sing at my bakin',
And as I damped my clothes.

And all the day had been shiny,
Indeed, days mostly is;
I think when they go to meetin'
Folks don't remember this;
It's often so in our meetin's;
They go and sing and pray,
But scarcely ever seem thinkin'
Of the brightness of the day.

To-night there was many prayin',
And many speakin' too,
Yet there was a somethin' wantin'
When they had all got through.
The prayers was real good and earnest,
And there was wise words said,
But somehow even the Scriptur'
To me fell cold and dead.

They told the Lord of our fallin',
Of all the cares he'd sent,
Of our troubles and our trials,
(Ow'nin' 'twas kindly meant;
And they prayed for help and comfort,
I know it was quite right
But all the while I was wishin'
They'd think him more to-night.

We'd had such a real nice sunset,
The clouds was gold and red,
And lay on the blue so restful;
I wanted one word said
To thank the Lord for his beauty;
He did it to make us glad;
But never one real thanksgivin'
For that fair sight, he had.

Oh, no, they only just thanked him
In a gen'ral kind of way;
I wish they would speak out plainly,
Of flowers, the new-mown hay,
The birds, the sky, and the sunset,
And all our sweet home-joys;
Wouldn't all of us all the pleasure
We have in our girls and boys.

Then they talked so of our failures!
Enough to fright a soul!
We want some measure of courage,
To keep faith bright and whole.
If you boys be always tellin'
Your boys of their faults and sin,
Your strivin' to make them better
Wouldn't be worth a pin.

I know I'm a vexin' sinner,
But I don't feel I'm "vile."
If I did I'm sure I shouldn't
Think it quite worth while
To tell all my friends and neighbors,
I'd be so much ashamed,
I'm sure I couldn't lift my head
If I should hear it named.

I'd just get close to the Master,
To breathe it in his ear;
I know he'd be watchin' for me,
Waitin' my tale to hear.
But I don't believe he'll ever
Let me be "lost" or "vile."
For his own strong arm can hold me
Close to him all the while.

So I came straight home this evenin',
I did not fret a mite
To John or the boys of meetin';
They'd think it wasn't right.
For they're all strong meetin'-goers;
And they don't seem to see
That there is in prayers and things
That is so great to me.

I went off into my bedroom,
And knelt there in the light
Of God's blue sky and shinin' stars,
And then it was all right.
I just told the Lord about it,
How fair my day had been,
At the lovely dawn, at sunset,
And all the time between.

How my work had run so smoothly,
Of my dear daily joys,
Of the solid peace and comfort
I'd had with John and the boys.
I'd never think it was Christian
Not to meet with the rest,
But I like my own prayer-meetin'
Under the stars the best.

A WOMAN AFTER ALL.

"Take off that hideous bonnet, Dorothy. I want to see your sweet little face without it."

"You shouldst not speak so, Charles. It is very wrong."

"Why, little Dorothy? Tell me why?"
"Thou knowest favor is deceitful and beauty is vain. We ought to bear our testimony against the vanity of personal looks."

"Ought we? Then tell me why it pleased Providence to make you so beautiful, my small cousin?"
"Hush, Charles. I will not permit thee to speak to me in this manner." And Dorothy Hicks, the little Quakeress, put on her gravest air, and struggled valiantly to turn the corners of her mouth down when they wanted to turn up.

"Don't look so serious, little girl. You positively alarm me." And Charles Maynard burst into a merry laugh that echoed through the poplar-trees in the old garden. "Now tell me, Dorothy—I insist upon knowing, and, as a member of your family, I consider that I have the right to be informed—are you going to marry Broadbrim?"

"Friend Ephraim is an estimable man, Charles. Thou must not speak of him thus."

"Look, Dorothy. There he is. I will quote no proverbs, but the rim of his hat turned the corner just as I spoke. Now don't look as if you intended to go back to the house, for you are not going. I'll tell you a secret. When I was down by the river this morning I found a boat with a tempting pair of oars lying in it,

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

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and I made up my mind that Dorothy Hicks and her wicked, worldly cousin from the iniquitous city of New York were going for a row in that very boat this evening.

"It is Neighbor Hancock's boat."
"He will let us have it?"
"Yes. But, Charles, I fear that it is my duty—"

"No, it isn't. You know you don't want to spend this lovely evening in the house entertaining Broadbrim, and you do want to go and watch the sunset on the river with me."

Dorothy looks doubtfully toward the house and wishfully toward the river.

"Femme qui hesite est perdue," Dorothy, which means if we don't hurry, Graycoat will come out and catch us." Charles takes Dorothy's hand in his, and in a moment they are on their way to the shore.

But, Charles, see that cloud in the south. If there were to be a storm?"
"But there will not. Come, jump in."

The oars are lifted into the rowlocks, Dorothy takes the management of the rudder into her little hands, and soon they are gliding over the smooth surface of the water, leaving a track of silvery bubbles behind them. It is a lovely evening. The misty shadows of twilight are gathering in the west; the clouds, blood-red and purple, are casting a rosy light all over the broad river; a fresh breeze is blowing round their faces; and waves plash against the sides of their little boat like low monotonous music.

Charles is talking about his city home, telling Dorothy about the aunt and cousins she has not seen for a long time, and amusing her with stories of his college days, and his efforts to make his way in his profession, which at first were so unsuccessful. Neither of them notices that the breeze grows every moment stronger and fresher, and that the dark cloud in the south has spread over the horizon, and is covering it with darkness.

Presently a low muttering growl of thunder startles them from the dream into which they have fallen.

"Turn back, Charles, turn back!" screams Dorothy. "The storm is on us!"

But there is no turning back. They have been rowing with the tide. The river is very wide, and the increasing force of the waves and the winds together is so strong that when they attempt to turn about, the water rushes into the tiny boat. Both faces grow pale in the murky light as they see their danger.

"It is impossible; you can not do it."
"Tell me, Dorothy, what is that dark object just ahead?"

"It is a ledge of rocks, but when the tide comes in from the sea it will be covered," and with a low moan Dorothy sinks down from her seat and covers her face with her hands.

"We will try and land there. The tide will not turn for an hour."

The effort is successful. The ledge is reached, and Charles carries Dorothy to the highest rock, and lays her gently down.

"My love, my little love," he cries, kissing her helpless hands, "have I killed you?"

"Stop!" she exclaims. "Listen! There is a boat. It is coming to us." Dorothy is upon her knees, and a wild cry of thanksgiving comes from her lips.

Ephraim Ford has followed them. The heavy boat with its single occupant is strong enough to resist the waves, and as he hears they go down to meet him.

"Back!" he cries; "I will take but one of you. It is not safe."

The grim Quaker, with his stern, emotionless face, wrenches away the slender hands that cling to Charles, and clasping Dorothy tightly in his arms, lays her at his own feet in the bottom of his boat.

No word is spoken until they reach the opposite shore. Then he takes her up again and carries her to the nearest fisher hut upon the beach.

As they stand within the shelter of the little cabin, Dorothy looks at him with wild eyes, and a cry of torture issues from her white lips.

"Go back! go back! You will go back for him?"

"Go back to your elegant city lover, whose ignorant carelessness had cost you your life but for me?"

Dorothy falls on her knees and grasps his cold hand in an agony of entreaty.

"Go back! go back!"

"Promise me first that you will not marry him. Swear it as the world's people do." Then he takes her hand and holds it up to heaven, and waits for the oath.

Dorothy's lips move, but no sound comes. She has fainted.

The fisher-woman takes the unconscious child and lays her on her own bed, and Ephraim Ford goes upon his errand of mercy with murder in his heart.

The storm has lulled for a moment. It comes on so gradually, stopping every now and then as if to make the earth believe that it was doubtful of its power. The tempest knows its strength, and can afford to wait.

Ephraim looks at the sky. It is still red in the west, the waves are rising steadily, but his strongly built boat, directed by his powerful strength, can yet make its way through them. There is yet plenty of time; the tide will not turn for half an hour.

Ephraim fights his battle with temptation, and wins the victory, for twenty

minutes later the sturdy boat plows its way back to the shore, and two silent men struggle against the wind up to the beach to the fisherman's hut.

Dorothy is waiting for them. Her outstretched arms would wind themselves about both, but the stern, fixed look of Ephraim's eyes restrains her, and Charles turns from her and fixes his glance upon the ground.

It is a terrible moment for Dorothy. She knows that they both love her, and she shivers at the suffering she sees in both faces. Then she remembers the oath she did not speak, and a wild sort of terror takes possession of her soul. She speaks at last, and tries to thank Ephraim for the service he has done them.

"Spare me thy gratitude, Dorothy," he commands, in the slow, solemn tone peculiar to his people. "I know I have done thee a service. I would not hear of it again. I tried to make thee swear an oath, Dorothy; I am glad it was not spoken. Tell me now, though, dost thou love this young man? Wilt thou forsake thy religion, forsake the faith of thy forefathers, and become one of the world's people?"

Dorothy's eyes looked towards Charles with mute appeal.

"To have saved both lives, dear," answers the younger man, in reply to her glance, "and he is worthy of your love." Then his eyes seek the ground again. He has received his life from this man's hands, and now he will speak no word to rob him of his dearest treasure.

"Speak, Dorothy," Ephraim repeats. "It is for your choice."

"Dorothy's voice is choked with tears, and her breast shaken with sobs, as she answers:

"It is very, very wicked of me, Ephraim, but I love him so!"

Then she stretches out her helpless hands, and the sweet lips whisper, "Charles."

Only a single word, but it decides her life. In a moment she is in her lover's arms, and for the second time that night unconscious.

The nobler man of the two goes unheeded into the storm to conquer his heart-ache alone.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Book of Thanks.

Young folks are often encouraged to keep a diary. Little harm and some good may come of the practice, provided the diary is made an honest record of deeds done, places visited, books read, studies pursued, and of thoughts suggested by reading and observation. But there are two "shall nots" which should govern the practice. One is that the diary shall not contain affectations of sentiment. The second is that the diary shall not be shown. The one will make you sincere, the other will train you to honesty. But a better practice, as it seems to us, is to keep a record, either in the memory or in a book, of the kind words and deeds shown to us by others. Here is an account of a "Book of Thanks" kept by a boy:

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must—"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his Cousin Cecelia.

"No. Look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecelia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book, nearly full of writing, in a round type hand.

"Here it is," said Mark. Then he read aloud:

"March 8.—Ben lent me his hat."

"Here again: 'January 4.—When I lost my shilling Ben made it up to me kindly.' Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy, after all."

"What do you note in that?" asked Cecelia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me. You would wonder how many there are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross and out of temper I almost always feel good humored again if I only look over my book."

To PRESERVE AUTUMN LEAVES.—First, gather the leaves from the trees just as they are ready to fall, or as soon as possible after they have fallen; press them immediately for a week or more until they are perfectly dry. Get half a pound of yellow beeswax, put it in a tin vessel, and place the vessel in a spider containing a little water, which must be kept constantly boiling on the top of the stove over a steady fire. Take each leaf by the stem and dip into the hot wax. Once dipping is usually sufficient. If the wax gathers on the edges, touch the places lightly with the hot tin. The leaves dry instantly, and all the bright, natural colors are preserved, and will remain for a year. By piercing the leaf near the stem with a doubled thread wire you can weave them on coarser wire or on a large cord into any description of garlands.

"Ladd's Springs."

Nature has wisely equipped us to endure more in search of apostate health, than in any other undertaking. With all the teachings we have on the subject of health, few seem to be inclined to care for it till it is gone. What a pity, too! For Darwin might have such an excellent aid in proving his theory to the omega, if not from the alpha, if only somebody would wind himself up and keep going as long as hygienists see proper. But he must bid farewell to such vanities, as green, uninspiring fruits, superannuated vegetables and illusive pastry; must often have his firmness bolstered with vigorous seasons of cholera, yellow fever, small pox, etc., and should live in the mountain regions of East Tennessee. Here he would be handy to the "springs," "Springs" everywhere. These mountains and vales abound with them, and "Ladd's" is as bright a cluster as you are likely to find anywhere.

Ladd's is a little cup of a valley in a spur of the Smoky Mountains, with a deep notch in the side for the waters to trickle through. Ten or twelve acres contain the most valued and the best known—mine host says there are a hundred. We have seen scores of places in the steep mountain-and-hillside, on the level stretches, in the dark and rocky glens where they first to be opened. Iron, zinc, alum, magnesia, and various sulphurs impregnate the waters.

Some springs seem to be combinations, others discover to the taste but one mineral, through perhaps containing a low percentage of others, and some are pure freestone. There is no lime in them. Some have agreed to call a certain spring "Epsom," though I never could discover the taste. Others are quite positive, both as to taste and effects. This latter spring was not known, we believe, when two or three years ago a partial analysis was made of waters from the others, bottled and carried to New York. Prof. —

of Nashville, is expected to make a complete analysis. This would be of much advantage to the proprietors and a satisfaction to the public, (whether they understood it or not.) Yet their beneficial effects upon a large class of sufferers are so well known in this vicinity as to give them a greater popularity at home than some rival resorts where more money has been spent upon the buildings and other accommodations for the invalid public. For it must be owned that at Ladd's, these are not after the most elaborate pattern of modern hotel elegance; neither, perhaps, are the *chambres*—a grave item of consideration with many who must leave business at a standstill for a summer's rest. Still, in both respects the future may make a significant change. For two years or more, we have been acquainted with plans of vast improvement waiting to be made here, and at this rate appointments may soon be so perfect and the charges so high as to drive its patrons to the verge of distraction. Yet strangely coupled with this cheering outlook, the proprietors seem to feel a fervent desire to avoid reaching panic prices with panic improvement, and carefully refrain from alarming the public in this way. They have even kept the fences tied to the trees with wild grapevines, lest they should go ahead of other improvements. Vain precaution! Go ahead they would and did—by way of the Conasaogee river during last winter's floods.

At present there is the wildness of pioneer life without its perils. The hotel is against a steep slope and contains fourteen or fifteen consecutive rooms, built of rough upright boards, supplemented in front with a narrow porch extending the whole length of the building. Each room, excepting those reserved for parlor and dining rooms, is furnished with a bed, chair, washstand, ever and basin, mirror, and some with an extra table and a wardrobe. Near one end of this building stand several cabins, furnished in the same style, but built with fire-places for those desiring them. The fare is abundant, substantial and excellent. Whoever goes there is sure to whet a keen appetite.

A beautiful grove near by, containing several of the finest springs, and furnished with a summer-house, benches, croquet ground, etc., invites, with its fine air and refreshing shade, an all-day stay out of doors. Around this grove are the cottages for "campers" and boarders to lodge in, who generally find the grove more attractive during their stay than the hotels, except at meal-time.

Hunting and fishing are favorite sports, squirrel, turkey and deer being found in the woods all about, and of fish, trout and other species in the clear, cool stream that winds its graceful way through the grove, and in the matchless Conasaogee a half mile distant. This restless pulse of the mountain's heart, beating against its ribs of rock, is crystallized in its clearness, flowing over a pebbly channel, edged with low banks whose hedges of beautiful shrubs and trees are embowered in the rich foliage and pendent branches of the spicy muscadine and other wild grapes, lending to the wild scenery the charm of indescribable symmetry and beauty. Again, from the water's edge, rise abruptly walls, towers, battlements of rock which challenge the roll of ages. Upon and against these

the mountain slopes are built, across whose crests from valley to valley wind foot-paths and old Indian trails up to the spires of the Appalachian chain.

Famed by the sweet airs from these rugged slopes, this is a pleasant retreat, the heat never being excessive, 91° and 92° are the highest the mercury has been known to climb. In front of the hotel and on the road to the grove shade is not quite so plentiful as could be desired. In the halcyon days "before the war" civilization in the name of agriculture, there laid its deadly hand upon a grand growth of forest which the less enlightened, less demoralized Cherokee had long cherished in his heart of hearts. But luckily, indolence or some other rare quality of the pale face interfered before this destruction had proceeded far. That portion known as "The Grove" is still left to cast a grateful shade over some of the springs known to the redmen as the "Fountain of Health." The name ought to be perpetuated. The unmusical change, however, does not seem to effect the healing qualities of the waters, which seems something marvelous.

There are plenty of ills to which flesh is heir that, perhaps, would not be helped. The water and air possess fine tonic properties and have given great relief or cured numbers of cases of erysipelas, dyspepsia, and all that class known generally as bilious and blood diseases. For bad cases of bronchial and lung troubles higher points are preferable, of which this section furnishes a number that are quite accessible.

These springs are sixteen miles from Cleveland, Tenn., the nearest railway station. The road is quite pleasant, but the last four miles exceedingly rough driving. This, to delicate persons, makes the trip seem a great undertaking; but invalids have been carried there on beds, who could, at the end of their stay, almost have walked the distance back. One case, especially, occurs to my recollection. A number of us stood upon the hotel porch, our sympathies greatly stirred by a pale, emaciated sufferer from dyspepsia, stretched upon a bed in a wagon, protected from the sun by a huge umbrella held over him by one of the party accompanying him. We saw him frequently helped to the shade of the grove, sitting apart with a wan, helpless look, unable to share in the amusements going on about him. In the course of a month or two, he rode away on horseback, and when next we saw him we could scarcely believe that the stalwart young man before us had been the wretched skeleton that had moved our pity. R. G. P.

Something about Advertising.

The man who says it don't pay to advertise is, just as likely as not, doing it in some way all the time. If the merchant hangs a few of his goods outside the door—he is advertising. If a cabinet-maker hangs a chair or other article of furniture at his shop door, he is advertising. If a man loses a horse or a cow and tells every one he meets, he is advertising his loss. The doctor who has a boy to run into church and call him out in haste, is advertising.

A man cannot do business without advertising, and the only question should be, the best way to advertise. If you have a lot of personal property to sell, which is best, to write out a few notices that not one in fifty will stop to read, or go to the printer and have a lot of well displayed posters? If you are in business of any kind, is it not better to keep a regular standing advertisement, in your home paper, that will stare your friends and customers in the face every week, rather than to trust to the old foggy idea of—"Oh, they all know me?"

But, says Mr. Savell, advertising costs money. Very true, and so does everything else; and it is a good thing for you that advertising does cost something. If it did not, every little worthless concern would stand as good a chance of being known as the very best and most useful. If you want the people to know you have anything to sell, advertise it in your home paper first, then in your neighboring papers. The man who has a reputable business, and spends the most in a liberal system of advertising, is the one who makes the most money. This is a truth well verified by the experience of those who have tried it.—*Ex.*

Mr. Gladstone's good physical health, which has enabled him to perform so large an amount of mental labor, is gained, it appears, by vigorous exercise. A Liverpool paper says that two hours before the meeting at Hawarden, England, where he made an address, "Mr. Gladstone was engaged in his favorite exercise of felling trees. For a portion of two days he has been wielding the ax upon a large tree in its lane at the outskirts of Hawarden village, and he succeeded in bringing it to the ground late yesterday afternoon. Those who saw him say he went to work in true woodman fashion, with his braces thrown off behind him, and his shirt-collar unfastened. After completing his task he walked home with his ax slung over his shoulder, and two hours afterward was at the meeting, looking not tired and weary, but quite refreshed with his bodily labor."

Catching the Land as it Flies.

Prof. Bierbower says in his pleasant article on Holland in the *Ladies Repository*:

"Another way by which they increase their land is to catch the sand which, on a windy day, is blown in great clouds along this coast. I saw this operation at Scheveningen, about two miles from the Hague. It was on a warm and windy day, and the sand was drifting about in all directions, like snow in winter, filling the air so thickly that one could not see ten feet before him, and heaping up in great banks or dunes at different places. Formerly this sand used to extend for many miles inland, being blown over the whole country, and settling sometimes several feet deep on the soil, destroying the crops and rendering the land unfit for cultivation. It was the source of a great evil, which only the Dutch knew how to overcome. These industrious people, however, not to be outwitted by anything, have set about to turn this to their advantage. I accordingly saw them, on this day, running around through the drifts with handfuls of hay or grass, which they stuck in the new-formed heaps, thereby preventing them from blowing away, and extending inward, and also, at the same time, compelling the sand to heap up thereafter on the ocean side. Great banks are, accordingly, now heaped up daily close to the ocean; so that the land is gradually extending out, and filling what used to be but the bed of the ocean."

"Moreover, these bits of hay and grass will soon rot, and thereby contribute to fertilize the new-caught land, which is at once sown with certain kinds of grass which will grow upon sand, and planted with trees, whose roots, sinking and interlacing in the fields soil, serve to hold it together. It only requires a few years until this is fit for all manner of crops. The Dutch, I may add, make further use of the new-blown sand by catching it in their dikes, by which means the dikes are more easily constructed than if all the dirt had to be raised by human hand. The lines of the dikes, accordingly, are gradually extending seaward; so that no sooner does one become untrustworthy than it can be dispensed with, owing to a new one being formed on the advanced ground. Thus the land and the ramparts of Holland are being gradually pushed out into the ocean in the direction of England; and the Dutch facetiously boast that they will yet join their land with that of Great Britain. Thus the Dutch have made and defended their land, and are still making and defending it, being in a continual contest with the water."

His Son-in-Law.

Archduke Maximilian, of Bravaria, went recently to Vienna to visit his daughter, the Empress of Austria. He always travels quietly, and was mistaken for a business man by a talkative Austrian tradesman who occupied the same compartment in the train, and who, after telling all about his own affairs, asked the archduke where he was going. "Going to Vienna." "On business?" "No; to visit my daughter, who married an Austrian." "Is your son-in-law in good business?" "Well, tolerably good, but troublesome at times." "What is he?" "The Emperor." The tradesman was covered with confusion, and notwithstanding the laughing protestations of the archduke he darted from the carriage at the very first stopping place.

The Question of the Day.

"Sir," said Mr. Magruder, addressing Mr. MacGuffin at the boarding house dinner table last night, "do you incline to favor the theory of contraction or of expansion?"

"I?" said MacGuffin, pausing in a desperate struggle to cut the small piece of meat that had been set before him in response to his order for roast beef, "if you refer to money, sir, I unhesitatingly give in my adherence to contraction; but if you refer to the bill of fare in this boarding house, then, sir, I am heart and soul for expansion."

The Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald says: "Bee culture is spreading rapidly. At the present rate of increase it is estimated that there will be in four years one million stands of bees in this and the two adjoining counties, which will produce annually 100,000,000 pounds of honey, worth \$20,000,000, which is worth more than the value of the sugar and molasses crop of Louisiana, Texas and Florida combined."

Epitaph in the cemetery at Kaysville, N. Y.:

Sarah Thomas is dead,
And that's enough,
The candle is out,
Also the snuff.
Her soul's in heaven,
You need not fear,
And all that's left
Is interred here.

Two of One Mind.

A Melbourne widower with something of a family and a goodly bank account advertised for a wife over a fictitious signature. Several answers were received, among which was one that particularly pleased him. The chirography was delicate and graceful, the language chaste, and the signature, like his own, fictitious. After a brief and mutually agreeable correspondence, a time and place was agreed upon for meeting. At the appointed hour the gentleman was waiting in a private parlor at a certain fashionable hotel, and shortly afterward a lady entered, thickly veiled. She came in trembling, and did not venture to look up until the voice of the gentleman, in respectful greeting, fell upon her ear, at which she started convulsively, raised her eyes to the face of her swain, and then uttered a suppressed cry—a cry the tone of which struck upon the gentleman's ear with a sound not unfamiliar. He lifted the veil and looked upon the scared face of his own daughter, whom he had supposed industriously pursuing her studies at a school in a town some distance westward from Melbourne. The young lady has since been installed as housekeeper in the paternal mansion, and her papa is not likely to advertise for a wife again until this daughter is married.

Fight to the End!

A colored preacher in this vicinity recently addressed his congregation at a revival meeting as follows: "Now, my mournin' frens, you comes heah an' you mourns, an' rolls, an' habs a mighty struggle wid de debil, night arter night, an' when you's mighty near loose you gits right up an' goes right back into de debil's arms agin. Now, I tells you, my frens, dat won't do; you never git away from de debil dat way. You's jis like de lightnin' bug! When you git down an' moan, an' roll, an' holler, you shows your light, like de lightnin' bug do when he raises his tail an' spread his wings. When you gits up an' goes roun' laughin' an' talkin', an' foolin' wid de debil you puts your light under de bushel, an' you jis like de lightnin' bug when he shuts down his wings. Den he ain't no mo' like a lightnin' bug dan any older bug, an' you knows it. Now, lets not hab any mo' ob dis lightnin' bug business, but git down to work agin de debil in year-nest."—*Jackson Sun.*

When a Missouri man walked seventeen miles to see a man hung, and the prisoner was respited, the disgusted traveler sat down in a fence corner and hoarsely inquired if this country was drifting back to barbarism.

Supposing she did walk three-fourths of a mile in the rain, soil her new striped stockings, and nearly ruin her dress, what was that in comparison to the joy of being the first one to tell Mrs. Jones that the Smiths couldn't board at the Revere this winter, as old Smith had failed.

A husband in Lafayette, Ind., was so grieved at the color of his wife's hair changing after the first month of marriage from a jet black to a carrot red, that he refused all consolation, and retired to the solitude of his chamber. He was there found dead the next morning, the victim of grief and red hair.

Men are erratic. William Homer, of Memphis, permitted his wife to give a grand party, and when the guests had arrived he brought in the garden hose and sprinkled them out.

A chimney swallow with one wing shorter than the other is apt to have a defective flew.

There is caste even in the lower order of animals; who hasn't heard of the Aristocrat rats of Maine?

The meanest man has been found. He is the chap that talks through his nose to save the wear and tear of his mouth.

"I say, John, did you know that our friend Frost is in jail?" "Oh! he is, is he? Then I think he'd better thaw out."

At Hamilton, Nev., where water-melons are \$2 each, the doctors are said to wear reversible paper collars.

A Chicago clergyman says he never feels so familiar with Satan as when riding over a cobblestone pavement.

A Maine woman dreamed that her sister was run over by a railroad train, and the next morning learned that she had twins.

"My son, put away that ball. Do you know where the wicked boys go who play base ball on Sunday?" "Yes'm; they go down by the Fair Grounds."

Most of the men who spent \$500 to \$1,000 to get to the Black Hills have been heard from. They are coming out to borrow more money.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 7, 1875.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A SERVICE FOR DEAF-MUTES—will be held in St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, next Sunday, the 10th inst., at 4 p. m.

Publisher's Card.

The report having been circulated in certain quarters, that we were on the eve of collapsing, we beg leave to announce that all such rumors are entirely without foundation. The only base that such a rumor could be built upon—and that was, to say the least, very slim grounds to work upon—is this:

Some time since, Mr. H. Humphries, proprietor of the *Mexico Independent*, in whose office the JOURNAL is published, thought that he could not take the trouble of printing the JOURNAL beyond the time which ended with our last week's edition. At that time we felt as if it would become necessary for us, under the existing state of our circumstances to suspend publication for the term of one year. But the idea of failure never for a moment found a lodging place in our "upper story." We at most never entertained any other idea than that of resuming the publication as early as the first of October, 1876. But we are happy to state that Mr. Humphries has concluded to do our printing, so that that important difficulty is overcome, and we again feel strong for prosecuting our business with renewed vigor. We shall continue the publication of the JOURNAL without intermission. We hope our correspondents and contributors and the deaf-mute public in general will continue their generosity and patronage towards us, with the same vigorous spirit with which we shall endeavor to make the JOURNAL the deaf-mute newspaper of the land. We sincerely say to all our subscribers that their interests in the JOURNAL are secure, that the future weekly copies of the JOURNAL will be forth-coming, and we shall strive to make them more welcome than ever to the homes and families of the deaf and dumb. Let all our friends know for a certainty that in no case shall anything occur respecting or affecting their interests in the paper without timely notice from us and a full return for all they may have invested.

The paper having passed through the ordeal of its infancy and afforded for its readers more and better reading matter than any other similar weekly paper of its kind, we look back upon its past history with a deep sense of gratefulness towards all our friends who have been so kind as to support it. We shall apply ourselves with unremitting zeal to the task of making it a more interesting and readable weekly every successive year. To this intent we shall concentrate our abilities to the utmost extent. In our endeavors to effect this end, we, of course, shall depend largely upon the hearty co-operation of the friends of the JOURNAL. We wish to impress upon the minds of our readers that we are not making ourselves rich out of the publishing business; in fact, we may say truthfully that the income from the business for the past three years has scarcely equalled our expenses, it does not even pay us for our time, but we hope with the cordial support of the friends of the JOURNAL in the future to make it a better paper, and one that will more than pay expenses.

It is generally conceded that in the United States there are upwards of twenty thousand deaf-mutes. This being the case, we see no good reason why, with the help of our friends, we can not induce at least three thousand of them to become subscribers to the JOURNAL—a paper which furnishes our class of individuals such information and reading material as they cannot procure from any

other known source. We employ good correspondents and in proportion as we receive support and patronage we shall secure more of them. We hope, therefore, all our subscribers will use their utmost diligence in inducing their deaf-mute friends and neighbors to subscribe for the paper. If every one will do his or her best to swell the subscription list, we may be able to raise the figures to double or even treble the present number before the end of another year.

Representations at the Centennial.

The sub-committee of the Executive Committee of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb, have prepared a circular letter to all interested in the education and improvement of deaf-mutes, requesting all to join in forwarding specimens of the progress of the art, to the committee at Washington, before the 1st of December next.

The articles particularly sought will be found specified in the circular, which we publish elsewhere.

We are pleased to record this evidence of activity in a movement, which we had begun to fear, was doomed to suffer from traditional supineness. In this age, the success of many a thing depends upon the alacrity of its supporters in blowing their own trumpet—in other words, advertising. There is perhaps no nation on the globe that understands this cardinal principle of success more than does America. The very manner in which it is proposed to celebrate our hundredth anniversary of independence, is characteristic of the national spirit. For what is the Exposition of 1876 to be but a colossal advertisement? True it includes privileges to other nations, but we can safely trust to our Yankee shrewdness to get the greatest benefit for ourselves. It occurs on home ground, and there are few things of our make that will suffer by comparison with those of other climes. And in what few things we may have to acknowledge ourselves temporarily beaten, it will not be a great tax upon our ingenuity to restore our seemingly crushed honors.

In the matter of deaf-mute representations, we expect there will be a good show. If there is not, it will not be hard to find where the blame lies. Indifference may and does exist in many things, but for this once, if never before or never after, all concerned should work with a will. We expect to be present at the Exposition; we shall use our eyes, and call every laggard to a strict account.

We need hardly remark that everything on exhibition at the Centennial will be very public. Poor work will be seen and commented upon as truly as good and fair. It is not unlikely that foreign instructors of the deaf will send something. So we shall not be alone in our glory. There may be things coming from over the sea, which we cannot match. Some of the ingenious talking machines, for instance, of which we hear occasionally, may tantalizingly surprise us, glorying in their isolation and marvel, with their patents, manufacture, and comprehension beautifully beyond our grasp. But in the main, represented as we might, could, would and should be we need have nothing to fear from examinations and comparisons, however critical.

We suppose there will be somebody present to furnish all needed explanations and illustrations; and, by the way, it would not be a bad idea to get up a little exhibition or convention, supposing either to be possible.

A Deaf-Mute Festival at Mexico.

A festival under the auspices of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, will be held in the village of Mexico, N. Y., on the evening of December 29th next. Dr. Gallaudet will hold a service for deaf-mutes in Grace Church at 7 o'clock p. m., at which time it is hoped the bishop will also be present. In that event an opportunity for confirmation will be offered to any who may desire it. At the conclusion of the church service, the deaf-mutes will proceed to Mayo's Hall and participate in the enjoyments of the festival which will extend through the entire night. An abundance of substantial refreshments will be provided so that none shall lack. Everything will be done to make this the "star festival" of the season for the deaf and dumb. The night will be passed in innocent and healthful amusements and games, and none, we hope, will have occasion to regret being present. A general invitation and a hearty welcome are extended to all deaf-mutes, both near and far.

An Imposter or Worse.

A young deaf-mute gentleman of our acquaintance was one day traveling on a railroad in the northern part of the State, when he noticed a man going through the train with a variety of steel pens for sale. His *modus operandi* was to hand the passengers a piece of paper inscribed something like the following:

"Buy of the poor deaf-mute. I sell

good pens," etc. Our friend stopped him on his round and spelled some of the words on his fingers. The man answered back in the same style, and the uninitiated might have thought it *bona fide* conversation by the manual alphabet; but in point of fact, the man merely twirled his fingers to every query. He knew no more of dactylology than a blind mule. Then our friend tried signs, but with no better result; and seeing one of his acquaintances, a railroad clerk, near, he asked him to speak out and tell the man he was an imposter. Which being done, the man gathered up his traps and made for the door. Subsequently our friend met him again, and he pulled out paper and pencil and represented himself as being really deaf. Lost his hearing by bilious fever, never been to school; knew nothing of the means of communication employed by the deaf-mutes, but in short showed remarkably good composition powers for a deaf-mute—a semi-mute even, who had never been to school. Our friend didn't know what to make of it, and didn't care to trouble himself to investigate; but he has noticed that the fellow frequents that route no more; nor have we heard of him in any other.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

We learn that Mr. C. S. NEWELL, JR., has obtained a clerkship in the New York Post Office. We congratulate him upon his success in obtaining the situation. No doubt he will attend to the duties of his post with honor to himself and credit to his friends.

We received a short call last Monday from our friends, Mr. C. H. COOPER and wife of Watertown. We were much pleased to have a visit from them. We are always glad to see them and think they always enjoy the time spent with their friends in this vicinity. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cooper are looking well and in fine spirits, and appear to have gained in health since they were here the last time. They were on their way to Wolcott, Lyons, Geneva, Rochester, and other places in Western New York, and will go as far as Flint, Michigan. They will spend the winter week, and probably stay longer there or elsewhere. We wish them a pleasant trip and many happy visits among their friends.

A meeting of delegates from the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association, Salem Society of Deaf-mutes, and Lowell Silent Society was held in the Salem Silent Union rooms at Salem, Massachusetts, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 15th last, to choose one director for the three societies hereinafter mentioned, who will make arrangements for supplying all of these societies with Sunday religious services. The delegates from the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association were JOHN P. MARSH, GEORGE A. HOLMES, and JOHN T. TILLINGHAST. I. N. SOPER represented the Lowell Silent Society, and JOHN A. PRINCE the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes. J. T. TILLINGHAST, of New Bedford, was chosen chairman of the meeting. P. W. PACKARD, of Salem, was unanimously chosen General Director of the three societies, to whom all correspondence on the subject of Sunday services must be addressed. Each society by vote will choose its own minister.

MISS MARGARET T. BENNETT, of Geneva, N. Y., has been engaged and commenced her duties as teacher in the deaf-mute department. Miss Bennett is a semi-mute, receiving a goodly portion of her education at a Geneva private seminary, but she also graduated at the New York Institution, after a three years' course of study. Miss B. may be considered a valuable addition to our already excellent corps of instructors.—*Mich. Deaf-mute Mirror*.

The *Advances* of Sept. 24, in its editorial comments as to who were and who were not present at the Watertown convention, says "Dr. Israel Peet did not come to the convention." We raise a point of inquiry. Who is Dr. ISRAEL PEET? This is a new name to us, and, though we are well acquainted with the Peet family, we must confess that we can not call him to remembrance. No such man as the one of that name, has ever attended any of our conventions. The *Advances* is very prolific in new names and names, and ought to keep us better posted in regard to such a distinguished person who failed to put in his appearance at our late convention.

The case of WILLIAM ACHESON, of this city, the deaf-mute, who was arrested a few weeks ago for the alleged crime of obtaining money under false pretences, was before the grand jury sitting at Newport, R. I., on the 22d inst., and they failed to find any indictment against him, so he was honorably discharged. Mr. Acheson has been subscription agent for the New England Deaf-mute Relief Bureau, which is on a bona fide basis.—*Boston Herald*, Sept. 29, 1875.

The other day, Mr. JACOB H. DESHONG, of Union Springs, related the following incident or accident as the reader may choose to call it: He went out one day to shoot pigeons, which were plenty at the time. He soon got a fine lot and returned home with them in time to have some for dinner. The next day some body reported a flock over in his orchard, and, taking down his shot gun, Jacob hastily loaded it, and, while fixing one of the caps, the hammer somehow went down and there was a flash and tremendous bang, and then a sound of falling glass. Looking up, the startled occupants of the room found that the whole charge had gone smash into the clock, scattering the glass in little fragments, and seriously defacing the dial. But the clock! Oh, that ticked along as if nothing had happened, and struck the next hour as usual.

Dr. Thomas Gallaudet recommends the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, in very warm terms to all deaf-mutes, and we fully concur with him, and add that there is no better journal published for this class of individuals, for it has abundant opportunities—which it improves—of giving all the news of the day, both general and deaf-mute. But we must add at the bottom of this paragraph that we do not consider it good taste or sound judgment upon the part of the man who wields the scissors in that office, to clip articles which are detrimental to Institutions, which articles in every case, are written by some sore-head, either from personal spite or for political capital.—*Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror*.

While thanking the *Mirror* for its hearty concurrence with the views of Dr. Gallaudet in regard to the usefulness of the JOURNAL among the deaf and dumb, we protest that of the clippings from articles which are detrimental to any Institution, we have used only those which we had good reason to suppose had their origin from reliable sources. We have never used clippings for any evil intent, and are willing to publish any rebuttals that may be offered by reliable parties.

The Indiana Institution Scandal.

We have from time to time published letters and reprints from other papers in relation to the above scandal, and our readers have undoubtedly formed in their own minds an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Mr. Thomas MacIntire and Mr. E. G. Valentine. People are liable to judge too hastily in cases of this kind. We are all liable to form hasty conclusions on subjects of this nature. It is therefore, not always proper or safe for accused parties to be tried by popular opinion. The popular verdict of a clamorous public is apt to be warped by prejudiced conclusions. In the present case, in which the above gentlemen were charged with one of the worst sins in the catalogue of crimes, we are happy to state that the tribunal of justice, after a long and persevering prosecution by the State against the accused, has found nothing proven against them. The court has fully exculpated them from any crime, and in the "verdict of innocence," plainly declares their characters unblemished. We heartily congratulate them upon the proper and just decision at which the court has in their case finally arrived. We append below the editorial comments from the *Indianapolis Journal*, and the *Cincinnati Gazette* upon the verdict, and also from the *Beloit Free Press* upon Mr. Valentine's vindication:

The public will rejoice this morning over the announcement that the MacIntire investigation has finally been brought to a close, the result being the acquittal of both MacIntire and Valentine upon each and all of the specifications. A minority report, it is true, was presented by Dr. James, who claims that MacIntire was guilty of suppressing evidence that tended to inculpate Valentine, and finding Valentine guilty as charged, but as there was no testimony to warrant such conclusions, and as it was proven conclusively that this same man was an aspirant for MacIntire's position, due weight can be given this portion of the report. The salient features of this remarkable case will be reviewed at greater length in *The Journal* tomorrow, but it is sufficient now to state that the result fully justifies the almost unanimous verdict of the public, which long ago decided that the whole affair was a base conspiracy.

At present *The Journal* will only call attention to the utterly unjustifiable and unprofessional conduct of the counsel for the prosecution, who, after admitting some weeks ago that they had failed to make out any case whatever against Mr. MacIntire, continued to prosecute against him and to assail him and the institution with the meanest and vilest aspersions. The honorable course would have been to have dismissed the case and to have borne testimony to Mr. MacIntire's vindication. Lacking the manliness to do that, counsel should at least have refrained from throwing out insinuations utterly unsupported by evidence, and casting dirt at a gentleman whose innocence they had admitted. But this feature is in keeping with the whole animus of the prosecution, which was simply an attempt to screen a guilty man by bringing disgrace on an innocent one.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

We print this morning a very fair and just summary of the evidence in the MacIntire case, the trial of which has just been concluded at Indianapolis. No impartial person could have read the evidence and failed to be convinced that there was an atrocious and scoundrelly conspiracy to ruin the character of innocent men. The investigation has been thorough and complete, and the acquittal of the accused will command the approval of those who have followed the testimony with any care.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

"When a little more than a year ago a brief telegram from Madison announced the death of a beautiful young girl killed while coasting on 'Capitol Hill,' many of us who knew the man and of his relations to that beautiful girl exclaimed 'poor Val.' What a terrible blow for him! And again when a few months ago he for whom our sympathies were thus enlisted was charged with a revolting crime, seduction and abortion, his victim an unfortunate mute, though firmly believing in his innocence, we all involuntarily exclaimed how much more terrible this than his calamity of a year ago.

For months past this charge has rested upon Mr. Valentine, and has been undergoing investigation at the Indianapolis Deaf-Mute Institute where he was engaged as instructor in one of the highest departments. And as this investigation has just closed completely and fully exonerating Mr. Valentine, it is due to him that his friends in Beloit who knew him while a "Prep," and a college boy

here, and have since watched with interest his singularly successful career as an instructor, should know that this vile charge against him has not been sustained and that his honor as a gentleman and a man is wholly unsullied. We find in the *Cincinnati Daily Gazette* a complete summary of the case. It is too lengthy for publication but it shows the whole matter in a most satisfactory light. It seems from it that over eighty witnesses were sworn upon the investigation, but from them all not one iota of evidence was adduced incriminating Mr. Valentine. "Prof. Valentine explained," says the *Gazette*, every insinuation of wrong which the evidence produced against him contained." But enough for that.

Mr. Valentine graduated at Beloit college with the class of '69, immediately following his graduation he was called to a Professorship in the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Delavan, Wisconsin. He accepted the call and labored there for three years with a success rarely known. Two years ago he received a call to go to Indianapolis in the same capacity, and such superior inducements were offered him that he was led to accept the position. He labored there with the same success as heretofore. Around him he had by his upright conduct and manliness drawn a large circle of friends—friends as faithful and earnest as were those of his college days in Beloit, or at Delavan where he so successfully labored; and, until emanated the foul charge against him above referred to, was his character ever above the slightest reproach. We are glad to know that this cloud has now been dispelled. And that for his own sake—for the honor of Beloit college which is proud to own him, and for the sake of his large circle of friends, his character has been proven to be above reproach, and that he now stands before his friends and the world a stronger, truer man for having thus passed through such trying ordeal.—*Beloit Free Press*.

The Residence of Voters.

At the approaching election Inspectors of Election will be required to provide at least five ballot boxes which are to be endorsed respectively as follows: "State," "Senate," "Assembly," "Judiciary," "School." The amended State constitution which went into effect July 1st, 1875, contained a provision relative to the residence of voters, which we subjoin for the benefit of all interested.

SECTION 1. Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years who shall have been a citizen for ten days and an inhabitant of this State one year preceding an election, and for the last four months a resident of the county and for the last thirty days a resident of the election district in which he may offer his vote, shall be entitled to vote at such election in the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident, and not elsewhere, for all officers that now are or hereafter may be elective by the people, and upon all questions which may be submitted to the vote of the people, provided that in time of war no elector in the actual military service of the State or of the United States, in the army or navy thereof, shall be deprived of his vote by reason of his absence from such election district; and the Legislature shall have power to provide the manner in which and the time and place at which such absent electors may vote, and for the return and canvass of their votes in the election districts in which they respectively reside.

On Sunday last the pastor of the Presbyterian church in this place, at the conclusion of his sermon, requested the members of the church and congregation to remain after the benediction was pronounced. All were anxious to know what was the occasion of this, and the pastor in a few words told the object of the meeting, and asked Mr. D. W. C. Peck to read a statement of the financial condition of the society, which he accordingly did. From this it appeared that owing to extra expenses in repairing, and other causes, the society was five hundred and fifteen dollars in debt. The pastor then made an earnest appeal, and in little over an hour \$525 was raised, and with an enthusiasm and warmth that was good to see. After the amount was raised a hearty prayer of thanksgiving was fervently uttered, followed by the long metre doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," especially appropriate to the occasion, and sung with both the "spirit and the understanding." The congregation was then dismissed by the benediction, pronounced by the pastor, and all went home rejoicing in freedom from debt, and with hearts warmed by the spirit of love and self sacrifice.

Last Wednesday was an important day in our town, there being two weddings appointed to take place at that time. In the afternoon a small but pleasant company assembled at the residence of Mr. W. S. Warren, to witness the marriage of Miss Nettie Warren to Mr. E. T. Stone; and in the evening of the same day a company of friends and relatives gathered at Mr. George Wheeler's, to honor the nuptials of Miss Mary Wheeler and Mr. Richard Simpson. Each and all of them are held in high respect in our community, and we extend to them our best wishes and hearty congratulations.

In Forty-eight hours a cough may become dangerous; but within that time any cough can be cured by the use of HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. Sold by all druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

The Republicans of the second district have nominated T. W. Green, of Hastings, for member of Assembly. In the first district Hon. George B. Sloan was nominated.

Minor Topics.

The next world's Fair after the Centennial Exhibition will be held at Rome.

Valuable copper mines have been discovered in Randolph County, Alabama.

The Ohio election occurs on Tuesday, October 12. On the same day, occur elections in Iowa and Nebraska.

The sword surrendered by Napoleon III to the Emperor William at Sedan, was delivered, a Strasburg paper states, to General Castelnau by Prince Bismarck in 1871.

The Palmetto Guard of South Carolina have issued an address inviting co-operation in the centennial celebration of the battle of Fort Moultrie, June 23, 1776. They propose to make the celebration "a message of brotherhood and union."

The City Council of Baltimore will be petitioned to pass an ordinance providing that public school teachers who, after a continuous service of thirty years, become unable to discharge their duty, may be retired upon a small pension for life.

Capt. John Norris, of Petersburg, Ky., is said to be the only survivor of the participants in Perry's victory on Lake Erie. He is now eighty-four years of age and quite hearty. The Legislature of Kentucky voted him a gold medal in 1860.

Charlie Ross's father says he has spent all his property and incurred debts besides in endeavoring to find his lost boy. His brother-in-law has also aided him to the amount of several thousands. Mr. Ross says that \$18,000 have been expended in the search through Pinkerton's detective agency.

A workingmen's excursion from England to America next year is proposed, leaving Liverpool early in June, visiting New York, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, Niagara Falls, and the chief cities of Canada, and embarking at Quebec for Europe about the middle of August.

The monument recently erected to Sir John Franklin in Westminster Abbey has been mutilated in some mysterious way, the mast of the Erebus having been broken off. This is said to be not the only act of vandalism committed in the Abbey, the head of Major Andre having been removed no less than three times.

Col. Bethan, a member of the Alabama Constitutional Convention, is cited as a lawyer whose career was brief but brilliant. He had only one case in his life, and that involved a large amount of property, his fee of \$60,000 depending upon his success. He won, received his fee, and, with his laurels fresh upon him, retired from the bar.

Ex-President Johnson during his life received a twig taken from the willow which bends over the grave of Napoleon Bonaparte on St. Helena, which he planted in the garden of his late residence, and which has now grown into a stately tree. A twig from this tree will be planted over the grave of Mr. Johnson, on Johnson's Hill.

The union of Europe and Africa by means of a tunnel under the straits of Gibraltar, is another of the great engineering schemes that is now being talked about. The tunnel is to be a right line, extending from Tarifa and Algeiras, on the Spanish coast, to Ceuta and Tangier, on the Morocco shore, the submarine portion to be 40,160 feet in length, or nearly nine miles.

Mr. James Lick has settled upon Mount Hamilton, in Santa Clara County, as a desirable place, to build the California Observatory which is to contain the largest telescope in the world. The amount set apart for this purpose in his bequest is \$800,000. He has proposed to the Supervisors of Santa Clara County to place the observatory on Mount Hamilton, provided they will build a good road to the summit. If they desire it, he offers to advance the county money for the work and take its bonds in payment.

The directors of the Michigan Central railroad have issued a statement, explaining that the reason the company has paid no dividend for the past three years is that they have deemed it best to apply the amount to putting down steel rails and thoroughly equipping the road. The railroad war, they say, prevented a dividend from being declared last January. But that being over, and the management having resolved upon a system of strict economy, a cheerful view is taken of the future. Among the many changes to be made is the closing of the company's office in Boston, and transferring the business to the general office in Detroit.

Base Ball.

An attempt to play the "rubber" game between the H. D. N.'s and Resolutes was made on Monday afternoon, the 27th ult. Six innings had been played when the game was stopped. The umpire, Mr. Wightman, seemed to know but little about the game. He called balls on Harmond, the Resolute pitcher, but would not credit him with a strike when a good ball was pitched. The umpire stopper calling on the sixth innings, and when the Resolutes went to bat, the Parish boys refused to play on account of the darkness. Each club played well, and every man of the Resolutes played his game. When the game stopped the H. D. N.'s were several runs ahead, but the Resolutes were at the bat, and no men out.

SCORES.

The first game between the Olympics, of Oswego, and the Resolutes, of this place, was played on the Resolute grounds, on Thursday last. The Olympics are as fine a nine as there is in Oswego, being made up of Nationals, Ontarios, etc., and the Resolute club have been and will be strengthened somewhat more. The playing was fine except some wild throws on part of Resolutes to first base. Left fielder Hemenway and centre fielder Gray, made some fine fly catches; the short stop of the Olympics is as active a lad as is usually found. The playing of the Resolutes was fair. Webb made a fine line catch. Sayles fielded in well. Rousseau had only 3 passed balls in eight innings. Harmon worked as hard as ever. Myers held first base well with hot balls. The umpires did things as fair and squares as they could, for Rousseau's "how is that sir?" was some times hard to determine. Mr. Robbins of the Miller's club was objected to on second innings, by the Olympics, and Mr. Van Orion, of the H. D. N.'s, of Parish, finished the game, being a first class player, his umpiring was good. The following is the score:

RESOLUTES.		OLYMPICS.	
Tully,	5	1 Donally,	4
Didier,	3	2 C. Gray,	4
Barker,	3	3 Watson,	3
Rousseau,	6	1 Hemenway,	3
Webb,	4	2 M. Gray,	3
Myers,	0	5 Bently,	5
Harmond,	3	2 Huff,	3
Mickey,	1	2 McMan,	3
Sayles,	3	2 Tivotta,	3
27 20		27 17	
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9			
Olympic,	1	2 0 0 5 3 4 0 2-17	
Resolute,	4	0 4 1 0 3 3 0 5-20	
Umpire, M. Van Orion.			
Scores, Welsh, Olympic—Wheeler, Resolutes.			
Time—2:10.			

The First Child Born in Williamstown.

Fannie Williams was the first child born in Williamstown, she is now the widow Coan, and lives with her son-in-law, George Slack, at Prattville, in the town of Mexico. Her father, Henry Williams, in honor of whom the town was named, settled in 1801 on the farm where Henry Carr's widow now lives. He was the first supervisor elected in the town, and held the office seventeen years; he also held the office of Justice of the Peace many years, was member of Assembly for Oswego county in the Legislature of 1826, attended the funeral of Gov. DeWitt Clinton, who died that winter, was also county judge. Fanny, her daughter, Mrs. Slack, and her two children are the only lineal descendants of the family now living in Oswego county.—*Cor. Parish Mirror*.

State Board of Equalization.

The State Board of Equalization concluded its labors in Albany Thursday. The total valuation of the State, as now fixed is \$2,367,780,102. The rate of taxation being 6 mills, the total tax for this year will be \$14,206,680.61. The valuation of New York city is \$1,205,331,580, and its tax \$7,233,189.48. The tax paid by the remainder of the State will be \$6,973,491.13.

Shocking Inhumanity.

Sunday morning last, the body of Mrs. Teneyck, 85 years of age, was found dead in a wretched hole, upon a pile of chips, in a back part of her daughter (Mrs. Berry) abode. She had been an invalid for ten years and was a town charge, her relatives drawing \$3 per week for her support. We are told that the poor woman, instead of receiving proper food and nourishment by means of this money, barely had sufficient in quantity and quality to keep up life; that 50 cents per week would have purchased everything she obtained; and, furthermore, that the greater portion of her weekly income was appropriated by her relatives to their own use. Such heartless inhumanity seems almost incredible.—*Lakeside Press*.

Dr. C. E. Heaton's little boy, about a year and a half old, came in from the garden the other day with something in his mouth. It was found upon examination to be a Spanish coin, dated 1812. The doctor has not yet been able to discover of what metals it was composed. A boy that has begun so early in life to obtain money, ought to be worth something if his life is spared to mature old age.

The democrat of the fifth judicial district nominated Hon. Albertus Perry, of Oswego, Justice of the Supreme Court.

Yesterday (Tuesday) Mr. Homer Ballard exchanged his furniture business for Mr. A. S. Gibson's grocery and bakery business. Possession was given upon the same day. Therefore Mr. Gibson will hereafter be found at Mr. Ballard's old stand, and visa versa with Mr. Ballard.

The Deaf and Dumb.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The following piece printed over 50 years ago may be of enough interest to your readers to be worth re-printing. I copy it from an old number of the "Connecticut Mirror," printed at Hartford, January 27th, 1817, which paper is now in my possession.

Very truly yours,
W. C. HERRICK.

N. Y. Institution for D. and D.,
Sept. 27th, 1875.

Who is that little blooming boy?
Why do he looks his mind employ?
Why does he breathe no sound of joy?
Oh, he is deaf and dumb!

And who that maid, so passing fair,
Of beauteous form, but pensive air?
Alas! her mournful looks declare,
She, too, is deaf and dumb!

Would that my language could relate
Their woe—fringed pangs, and cheerless state;
And how I pity the sap fate
Of those who are deaf and dumb!

Their infant years were never blest
With a soft lullaby to rest:
No prattlings e'er their love express,
For they were deaf and dumb!

Where healthy, youthful sports abound,
And others play with merry sound,
They walk alone, or gaze around,
As they are deaf and dumb!

Not all the melodies of spring,
To them can soothing pleasures bring:
Vainly the sweetest birds may sing
To the sad deaf and dumb!

And if their parents should be poor,
Then, (though they might obtain a cure,)
All their sad woes they must endure,
And die both deaf and dumb!

Must they, ye good, whose hearts can sigh
For human grief, thus must they die?
No; to the succour you will fly
Of the poor deaf and dumb!

Children, whose bosoms joyful beat
Around the social heart to meet,
Who can your much-lov'd parents greet,
Pity the deaf and dumb!

Parents, who purest transports know,
Heaven your gratitude to show,
And aid, with liberal hands, bestow
Upon the deaf and dumb!

You who can list to pious lays,
And in the Church unite to raise
The fervent hymn of heart-felt praise,
Assist the deaf and dumb!

From heav'n may great success descend,
And constant fruits their toils attend,
Who labour anxious to befriend
The hapless deaf and dumb!

And while we thus deplore their lot,
May that great God be ne'er forgot,
To whom we owe that we are not
Like them, both deaf and dumb!

Circular from the Executive Committee
of the Convention of American In-
structors of the Deaf and Dumb.

The Executive Committee of the Con-
vention of American Instructors of the
Deaf and Dumb, through its sub-commit-
tee, begs leave to offer the following plan
for a presentation of the results of Deaf
mute instruction in North America at the
Centennial Exhibition to be held
next year in Philadelphia:

That Principals and Superintendents
of Institutions, Instructors, and others
interested in the education and improve-
ment of deaf-mutes, join in forwarding
to the Committee at Washington before
the 1st day of December next—

1. As complete files as possible of the
Reports and other publications of the
several institutions.
2. Text-books, charts, diagrams, appar-
atus, &c., prepared especially for the use
of deaf-mutes.
3. Periodicals, magazines, and news-
papers published for deaf-mutes, or in the
interests of their instruction; including
accounts of work for the religious and
moral improvement of adult deaf-mutes.
4. Manuscript sketches of the history
of institutions and societies, and descrip-
tions of methods of instruction.
5. Photographs of the buildings of in-
stitutions, taken in accordance with di-
rections to be found below.
6. Photographs of interiors of build-
ings, school-rooms, grounds, groups of
pupils, teachers, and whatever else might
be of interest, to be mounted and ar-
ranged in portfolios in such manner as
may be preferred by the senders.

It is desirable that articles sent should,
as far as possible, be donated, so that the
collection may form a permanent memento
to the Centennial, and be preserved at
Washington for future reference. If,
however, there be copies of reports, books,
or periodicals, pieces of apparatus or
pictures with which the owners do not
wish to part, but which they would be
willing to loan for the Exhibition, such
may be plainly marked "To be returned,"
and they will be sent to their owners
when the Exhibition is over.

Files of Reports, Manuscripts, and
Pamphlets suitable for binding may be
sent unbound, as arrangements have been
made for their binding in uniform style
at Washington.

Photographs of buildings asked for
under No. 5 should be taken on plates
eight by ten inches, and the focus should
be so adjusted that a horizontal space of
one hundred feet on the building near the
centre of the plate shall measure three
inches.

It is desired that these photographs be
sent unmounted, as the committee pro-
pose to have them mounted uniformly,
with printed titles, and enclosed in a
large frame to occupy one side of the al-
cove which will be at the disposal of the
committee.

With each photograph should be sent
the corporate name of the Institution,
the cost of the buildings, the cost and ex-
tent of the grounds, and the name and
title of the officer in charge of the in-
stitution.

It is intended to include one photo-
graph only of each institution in this

collection; care should therefore be taken
to obtain the best possible view of the
buildings, and it is suggested that in these
pictures no persons should appear.

It is hoped this circular will meet with
a prompt as well as cordial response from
the officers of institutions and other per-
sons interested, and that the result will
be such a representation as will be cred-
itable to our country and beneficial to
the cause of deaf-mute instruction through-
out the world.

EDWARD M. GALLAUDET,
EDWARD A. FAY,
Committee.

The New York Institution.

THE NEW YORK DEAF AND DUMB INSTI-
TUTION—YACK'S SYSTEM OF VENTILA-
TION—THE HUDSON BASE BALL CLUB
DEFEATED BY THE PLEASANT VALLEY
NINE—SCORE, 7 TO 24.

The general description of this mag-
nificent ventilator is given below, but no
reportorial pen can describe the gems of
beauty, the elaborate carving, the rich
antique bronzes, the chaste and elegant
frescoes which are scattered profusely on
it, and the examination, of which alone
would be a week's pleasure to a connois-
seur. After prayer, Dr. Porter showed
the writer how it is managed. When
the doctor turned one of the wheels, the
chapel was suddenly in a dense dark-
ness, but the electric spark from the ven-
tilator, which is known as "Yack's sys-
tem of ventilation," instantaneously
lighted it up, and the interior of the
building was again illuminated. It is
put in the centre of the chapel, and is
made with Grecian and Persian strips
and borders, garnished with the most
beautiful designed and exquisitely col-
ored flowers, scrolls, leaves, and antique
elaborations. It consists of 144 gas
burners, and is some forty feet from the
floor. While it is being lighted, the
burners go telegraph, and it gives more
light than the old jets in the chapel.
There is a pride taken in this show by
our friends, and it is perfectly natural
that there should be. The painters have
left behind elegant paintings which are
almost beyond description.

HUDSON BASE BALL CLUB.

When the writer arrived at the in-
stitution on Saturday, the 25th ult., he
found most of the players of the Hudson
B. B. C. dressed in uniform—red stock-
ings, white pants, knee high, white shirts
with the letter "H" on the bosom, and
white hats. Their intention was to row
across the Hudson river in the High
Class boat to Pleasant Valley and play
a match with a club of that place. The
river was rough and some difficulty was
experienced in getting across, but the
boat reached Pleasant Valley and re-
turned to get more "passengers"—the la-
dies—and again it reached the place
in safety. Mr. E. B. Nelson, the cap-
tain, was in full uniform and looked as
gay as the gallant commander of the
Fifth Regiment, U. S. N. Y., Col-
onel Spencer. We have not room to
give a full description, but we will say
that hard work was the result and
worse than hard work was the defeat of
the Hudsons. They began to drop their
laurels at "half-mast" and came home in
"rags" leaving their opponents across
the river victorious. Mr. W. H. Scott,
a graduate of 1875, was sent for to act
as catcher.

CIVIS.

Brooklyn, Sept. 30th, 1875.

Brilliant Wedding.

On Tuesday afternoon of this week a
wedding occurred in this place under
very auspicious circumstances. The
bride was Miss Eliza Reed, third daugh-
ter of Mrs. Hannah Knight, of this
place; the groom was Mr. Thomas Ed-
wards, of Port Henry. Both were edu-
cated at the New York Institution.

The ceremony was performed by Rev.
Lewis Johnson, pastor of the Methodist
church, at the residence of the bride's
grandfather. There was a large and
pleasant company present, consisting of
friends and relatives, from Crown Point,
Port Henry, Benson, Vt., Fort Ann
and this place. The bride was dressed
in a very elegant lavender poplin. The
ceremony took place at 2:30 p. m., and
the bridal party took the 4:30 train for
the south, after a sumptuous wedding
dinner.

The presents were very elegant, nu-
merous and costly. To enumerate them
all would almost be to make an inventory
of a silversmith's entire establishment.
We mention some which attracted our
attention on account of their value or
beauty. The bride's father and mother
made splendid presents. The Rev. Lewis
Johnson presented a very beautiful lamp.
Others presented silver sets for the table.
I cannot remember all the things, but
there was one table full of them, besides
presents of beautiful flowers, among
which was a very handsome bridal bou-
quet of white flowers.

The happy couple will make a tour
to Albany, returning by the way of
Port Henry. We tender Mr. and Mrs.
Knight our hearty congratulations on
the favorable auspices under which the
married life of their third daughter opens.

CHARLES SWEET.

Whitehall, Sept. 21st, 1875.

An interesting archeological discov-
ery was made in Crimea recently while
making excavation for the foundations of
a building. A tomb was uncovered con-
taining the following subjects: A head-
dress of solid gold, partly resembling a
crown and partly a helmet; two cups of
the same metal, a ring containing a pre-
cious stone, a golden coronet, several
gold brooches, and a coin on which is
the effigy of Alexander the Great.

—Mr. A. J. Potter, organized a
Grange at Mount Pleasant, in Volney, a
few evenings since.

PARISH.

Last Tuesday evening Miss Ella Brad-
ner lectured at the church on temperance.
The lecture was listened to with profound
attention, and it made a favorable im-
pression upon the assembly. Miss Brad-
ner is a very good speaker and appears
to understand what she is talking about.
During the time of the delivery of the
address, there was a man in our lock-up,
who was placed there by the officers for
drunkenness—the first inmate since it
was erected.

It seems to us that a "new departure"
should be taken in the temperance lec-
ture business. Instead of saying so
much upon the evils of intemperance,
with which most persons are familiar,
more should be said of the positive good
of temperance. Most persons consider
themselves capable of avoiding the re-
sults of intemperance, but the good of
temperance they would not care to avoid,
if they but knew and could fully realize
its results. Temperance intellectualizes
and spiritualizes the man, while intem-
perance demoralizes and animalizes him. Tem-
perance protects health, wealth and peace.
Temperance men are always ready for
effort, both mental or physical; they
have no debauch to overcome, or delirium
from which to recuperate. It is only the
temperance man that can truly enjoy
the gifts of his creator and can get in-
spiration, pure and divine, from nature.
In our opinion the license and revenue
system are the first things to be
attacked and overthrown by the tem-
perance army, even if they get no pro-
hibitory law in its place. No true tem-
perance man desires to support our gov-
ernment or have it supported by revenue
derived from the sale of alcoholic bev-
erages, or in other words, from the tears,
woes and rags and crimes, the
results of alcoholic drinks, and our
government is doing this every day.
The license system is professed to be
upheld, like the prohibitory system,
upon moral forces. The license men say
regulation is better than prohibition,
and yet sad experience tells us with all
the regulation we have had, whiskey goes
down the throats of inebriates regularly.
Repeal the license law and the moral su-
perstructure of license men will be de-
molished, and then the people will soon
see what is best to do next. If the license
laws were repealed, the moral forces of so-
ciety could be brought to bear upon tem-
perance better than now.

Miss Bradner advocated female suf-
frage. Voting is a right to protect rights,
and as woman has the same rights as
man, she should have the same power to
protect her rights, as man; so voting is
her right not by the gift or permission of
men but by the same inherent sovereignty
that men have.

Dr. A. White and wife have again
taken up their abode in Parish, where
they have spent so many pleasant years
of their lives. They are heartily wel-
comed back. They reside in a part of
the new house recently erected by Mr.
Allan Rutison, a brother-in-law.

Mrs. Fowler H. Berry, of Amboy, has
purchased a village lot of A. M. Gillis-
pie, Esq., in this village, upon which Mr.
and Mrs. Berry intends to erect a dwelling
house. He has been making calculations
for some time to make Parish his future
home. In the event of his election as
School Commissioner he will be con-
veniently situated and easy of access from
all parts of the district.

The inventive genius of our citizens
has been at work of late. Mr. C. L.
Schuyler has applied for a patent for cas-
tors, to be placed under the legs of sew-
ing machines. There are eight castors
belonging to each machine, fixed on a
wooden frame. By putting these frames
under the sewing machine you can move
the machine all about the room easily
and whirl it about without lifting, and
there is no fear of tearing the carpet.
Hathaway & Vroman are making the
frames. Another citizen has applied for
a patent for another article of which
due notice will be given.

ODD.

Parish, Oct. 4, 1875.

Old Settlers' Association.

MR. EDITOR:—A picnic was held in
Oswego town of the old settlers of this
county, Aug. 27, 1875, when an Asso-
ciation was formed and constitution
adopted, permitting any one to call him-
self an old settler, to join said Associa-
tion by paying the small sum of twenty-
five cents. Any one wishing to have his
name on the book as a member, and be
entitled to the privileges of said Associa-
tion, can be accommodated by paying
the above named amount to B. B. Burt,
Esq., of Oswego city, or to the subscrib-
er at North Volney, N. Y.

F. W. SQUIRES,
Sec'y and Treas.

North Volney, Oct. 2, 1875.

—In the Army and Navy Journal
taken at Creedmoor, on Thursday, the
team from the Forty-eighth regiment of
Oswego, won the third prize, a silver
trophy worth \$30. This match was
open to teams of twelve from any mil-
itary organization in the United States,
including the militia, regular army,
navy and marine corps.

—On Monday last Mrs. Lyman Clark
who, with her husband, resided with her
brother, Mr. C. D. Wright, near New
Haven, fell down stairs and was instantly
killed. Mrs. Clark was blind and it is
supposed she made a misstep in some way.
She was between sixty and seventy years
of age, and her sudden death gives a
painful shock to her friends.

—The Parish Mirror says: W. A.
Tillapaugh, of Mexico, had a mishap in
front of the Martin House, Monday. In
some way he came in contact with Abe
Petrie's horse wagon tongue, who was
driving up the street while he was
turning in the street. It virtually an-
nihilated one hind buggy wheel rimming
out the spokes and splitting the hub in
just a "jiff."

CENTRAL SQUARE.

An engine belonging to the Midland
Company was sold a few days since by
the Collector of this town. It was bid
in by parties in Oswego, for the com-
pany. The amount of tax was \$900.

An informal meeting was recently
held here to devise some plan of action
for promoting the cause of temperance
in this place. After a general discus-
sion a committee was appointed to con-
sult and report concerning the organiza-
tion of a society.

A union meeting of the Woman's
Foreign Missionary Societies of the M.
E. and Baptist churches of this place
will occur next Sabbath evening.

At the close of the last quarter Judge
Harmon, of Oswego, addressed a meet-
ing of the two Sabbath Schools. It was
a pointed and practical review of the
lessons of the past quarter. Mr. Har-
mon has many friends here, and his visits
are always welcome.

Mrs. Rebecca Holmes returned last
week after spending the summer at the
sea side.

Mrs. Elijah Hollenbeck, of Saginaw,
Mich., and formerly of Constantia, is
spending a few weeks at Dr. Drake's.
Mr. Hollenbeck is largely engaged in the
lumber trade in Mich.

The Republican Convention for the
Second Assembly District, was held here
last Saturday, resulting in the
nomination of Hon. T. W. Green,
of this town, on the second ballot.

Hastings does not have the same rea-
son to complain of the unkindness of the
Republican party that your Parish cor-
respondent finds. By the way, Mr.
Humphries, do you know what office
"Odd" wants? or is his zeal for the po-
litical interests of the farmer pure and
disinterested?

M.

Central Square, Oct. 4, 1875.

BRIEFS.

—Mr. McKinley has re-painted the
tannery.

—Rev. E. Horr, Jr., formerly of Os-
wego, has been appointed to the First M.
E. church of Elmira.

—Rev. Frank Greeley has discon-
tinued preaching in Sand Bank, to resume
theological studies.

—By the laws of New York, school
meetings occur on the second Tuesday in
October, throughout the State. They oc-
cur this year October 12th.

—Mr. R. Bews is erecting a dwelling
for himself upon Wayne St. His lot is
a pretty one, and probably his house will
correspond with it.

—William Hall, one of our tonsorial
artists, has put out another sign. This
time it is a long, fancifully-painted pole.
It makes an attractive sign.

—Tan bark for bedding is recom-
mended for horses suffering from epi-
zootic. It has been tried and found to
be, it is said, successful as a cure.

—The Academy of Music (formerly
Doolittle Hall), at Oswego, was dedi-
cated on the 30th ult. Mayor Poucher
and Hon. Samuel Sloan made addresses.

—Mr. G. D. Babcock has enlarged and
greatly improved his residence. The en-
tire appearance of the house is changed,
and we congratulate him upon having such
a tasty and commodious home.

—There are lots of fellows who are
hoping to find it profitable to stand
around with their hands in their pockets,
waiting for the inevitable politician to
come and talk over the prospects.

—Hon. Albertus Perry, of Oswego,
has declined the nomination for District
Attorney on the democratic ticket, and
the county committee has filled the va-
cancy with the name of Geo. W. Park-
hurst.

—Owing to the cloudy weather, the
eclipse of the sun, on last Wednes-
day morning, was not visible here; al-
though a few persons claim that the
clouds broke away so that they saw the
"tail end" of it.

—The latest social hobby is "Autum-
nal Leaf Parties," which is chosen by
those who go forth into the woods and
country lanes for the purpose of gather-
ing the brilliant-hued leaves that are
showered about by the fall breezes.

—The state board of charities are is-
suing blanks which are to be filled in with
register complete of tramps applying to
the police department for relief in order
to enable the board to obtain accurate sta-
tistics concerning these migratory indi-
viduals.

—"I have seen swaying lady-like about
the churr a beanty more perfect than
that which blooms full-grown from the
bright focus of the sea's ecstatic travel,"
is the way an Indianapolis reporter be-
gan a column description of a dairy girl.
They soaked his head, and at last ac-
counts he was better.

—On Saturday evening last, Mrs. M.
L. Wright met with an accident. As
she was leaving Mrs. A. M. Parker's re-
sidence, she sprained her ankle severely,
and on Monday was suffering much from
the effects of it. We regret this very
much, and hope soon to hear of her re-
covery.

—A Sandy Creek correspondent of
the Utica Herald says: Leonard Wart,
of this village, attempted suicide the
other day, by trying a handkerchief around
the bough of a tree and attempted to
suspend himself therewith. He was pre-
vented by his friends. He is a son of
Hon. Ararish Wart, of this village.

—Mr. Lewis Miller left home last
Monday to spend a week or so with his
relatives and friends in Sheboygan, Wis.
It is many years since Mr. Miller has
been absent from his post on Sunday, and
we are sure he will be very much missed.
We wish him a safe and pleasant jour-
ney, and insure him a hearty welcome on
his return.

News of the Week.

Dennison, Belden & Co.'s Welland ca-
nal contract has been canceled, on ac-
count of the charges brought against
them.

The Canal Board, Wednesday, can-
celed a number of contracts.

The Massachusetts republican conven-
tion, on Wednesday, nominated Alexan-
der H. Rice for Governor, Horatio G.
Knight for Lieutenant Governor, and
adopted a hard-money platform.

Eleven persons were killed and twenty
wounded, by a railroad accident in Can-
ada, on Tuesday of this week.

The Prince of Wales will start on a
visit to India, via Greece, October 16.

Turkey promises reform throughout
the empire.

The Freedmen's Savings Bank will
pay a dividend of twenty per cent, No-
vember 1.

At Buffalo, Thursday, John Kelly, ex-
caval superintendent, was arraigned,
charged with perjury and conspiracy.
He gave bail in the sum of \$15,000.

Cardinal McCloskey took possession of
his title in the Church of Santa Maria,
Rome, Thursday.

The commissioners to treat for the
Black Hills report the attempt to obtain
possession of the Hills a failure.

The trustees of Washington's head-
quarters at Newburgh have ordered the
property closed for lack of funds.

The bank of California opened Sat-
urday, and received on deposit \$750,000
more than was paid out on checks.

President Grant arrived at Salt Lake
City, Sunday.

The authorities of Kingston, of Jam-
aca, have seized the steamship Uruguay
with a cargo of arms and ammunition for
the Cuban insurgents.

Lord Napier, commander of Indian
forces, has resigned.

Peace has been re-established at Bol-
ivia.

War between England and China is
improbable.

The 25th and 28th internal revenue
districts of the State have been consoli-
dated.

The Nevada bank reopened Monday.

There is now an excess of help at the
Fall River mills.

President Grant makes a Speech.

At the evening session, Wednesday, of
the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee
in Des Moines, Ia., President Grant, be-
ing called out, read a speech of consider-
able length. He said he had concluded to
disappoint those who called on him first in
the expectation of getting a short speech,
and had jotted down some things he wish-
ed to say. He then expressed his grati-
fication in recalling days when they suf-
fered together to preserve a government
they believed worth fighting for and even
dying for. We will not, said he, deny to
any of those who fought against us any
privilege under the government which we
claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we
welcome all such who come forward in
good faith to help to build up waste places
and to perpetuate our institutions against
all enemies as brothers in full interest
with us in our common heritage. But
we are not prepared to apologize for the
past. To guard against the recurrence of
those days we must begin by guarding
against every enemy preventing the pros-
perity of free republican institutions. I
do not bring into this assemblage politics,
certainly not partisan politics, but it is a
fair subject for soldiers in their delibera-
tions to consider what may be necessary
to secure the prize for which they battled.
The President urged the cultivation of an
intelligence among the people in regard to
political matters, and said: If we are to
have another contest in the near future
of our national existence, I predict that
the dividing line will not be Mason's and
Dixon's, but between patriotism and in-
telligence on the one side, and supersti-
tion, ambition and ignorance on the oth-
er. On this centennial year the work of
strengthening the foundation of the struc-
ture commenced by our forefathers a hun-
dred years ago at Lexington should be be-
gun. Let us all labor for the security of
free thought, free speech, free press, pure
morals, unfettered religious sentiments
and equal rights and privileges for all
men, irrespective of nationality, color or
religion, encourage free schools and re-
solve that not one dollar appropriated to
them shall be applied to the support of
any sectarian school; resolve that neither
State nor nation shall support institu-
tions save those where every child in the
land may get a common school education,
unmixed with atheistic, pagan or sectari-
an teachings. Leave the matter of re-
ligion to the family altar. Keep church
and state forever separate. With these
safeguards I believe the battles which cre-
ated the army of the Tennessee will not
have been fought in vain.

The President's speech was greeted
with applause, which was repeated again
and again. General Sherman closed the
meeting for the night with a short speech,
in which he said he wished all the spec-
es made here could be printed in full and
scattered broadcast through the South to
show there how the ex-soldiers of the
North all felt towards them.

—The Assessors of Sandy Creek have
been summoned to appear before the Su-
preme Court, at Utica, on the 26th day
of October, at the instance of the R.
W. and O. R. R. Co. to answer a charge
of over assessment of that corporation's
property in that town.

—A little girl in a town not a thousand
miles from here, where a cheese factory
was a new thing, was looking over some
pictures representing incidents in sacred
history. Soon she came to one showing
the translation of Elijah, in which the
horses and chariot were quite conspicu-
ous. Turning to a young lady visitor she
naively remarked: "They are going to
the cheese factory."

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER FOR THE DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875.

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